

Good Morning 121

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

I get around

By RONALD RICHARDS

CHILDREN are visiting the House of Commons just now in greater numbers than is usual even at the beginning of school holidays. Whether or not it is a sign of future times, girls seem to predominate; they are every bit as earnest as their brothers, and possibly more inquiring.

They sit, listening intently, in the gallery—especially during Question Time. Then, as they are shown round the House by father, mother, uncle or aunt, they conduct their own "question time."

They want to know all about the ancient ritual of Parliament and the whole process of putting a new Act of Parliament on the Statute.

These youngsters—some of the most youthful are still at "prep," schools—display a considerable knowledge of politics. Their comments on the more banal statements which may be heard in the Commons would certainly divert that assembly, were they allowed to utter them upon the floor of the House.

Well, who knows? It is a reasonable supposition that among the youngsters of both sexes who sum up our M.P.s with adolescent candour are numerous and brilliant future legislators.

FOR some reason or other Lieut. John Steadman was not amused when, at the King and Keys in Fleet Street he was informed by the "Gypsy Lee" machine that he would marry a very rich widow.

I didn't ask any questions, because he obviously knew something I didn't.



LT. JOHN STEADMAN

Another surprise came his way when Goggles, complete with two black eyes, appeared. He had never previously believed Goggles existed. He thought the black eyes were faked.

But that pup had sense enough to make a job of the Lieutenant's meat pie!

Talking of feeding, I seem to remember him, later in the evening, feeding the tame duck at Tommy Hogg's place in Richmond.

Does my memory serve me correctly, John?

By the way, I met a Tim Andrews shortly after you left Richmond. He was sorry to

have missed you, and sends best wishes.

Sorry I forgot to mark this paragraph personal, but they won't know what it's all about, John, will they? Or will they?

WORKMEN digging at Fareham Quay unearthed a human skeleton, buried about four feet deep in clay and gravel.

The remains are probably a link with the Napoleonic Wars, when part of the locality was converted into sick bays for receiving wounded men brought back to Portsmouth by sea.

Sick French prisoners were also taken there from Portsmouth Castle, a number of them being buried in an adjoining field, aptly named Hospital Field.

The bones were so brittle that efforts to remove the skeleton whole failed. Bones of other skeletons were also found.

BY readjusting programmes, provincial cinemas have, since the Board of Trade's plan to save film started, saved over thirty thousand feet a week.

The idea, which might be extended to feature length films later, is that one cinema shows the news at, say, five-thirty, then it is taken to a neighbouring cinema, who return it after screening.

It might be suggested that the Windmill Theatre (pardon me mentioning that place again might adopt such a lease-lend plan in conjunction with Ivor Novello's "Dancing Years." A few more nice girls wouldn't be out of place at the Adelphi, I think.

WHEN I met Mr. Chuter Ede, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education, he told me this story:—

A girl evacuee working on a farm showed remarkable aptitude for managing calves.

Asked how it was done, she replied: "Calves are peculiar animals. You take hold of their tails, give them a twist, and then push the animals in the direction you don't want them to go. They will immediately go in the direction you do want them to go."

I FOUND it somewhat amusing, to say the least, when, at a South Coast police court, I heard the local police superintendent say of a man on a theft charge, "He's an old pal of mine. I have known him since he was a small boy. We're always together."

The man was a taxi-driver, and was convicted on a charge of having stolen some tools from his employer.

A CERTAIN medical officer went to sea in a submarine, and he didn't like it at all.

The first day out and he bemoaned hourly, "Oh, I'm dying."

A very cheeky lieutenant replied, "You should know, chum. You're the doctor."

Perhaps you know the people concerned. If you do, tell them I overheard that in a taxi.

Your Niece Alice is "Saying it with Music"— P.O. EDWARD HENDERSON



WE know, P.O. Henderson, that as a keen cornet player and singer yourself, you always wanted your favourite niece, Alice, to play the piano and realise the ambition she had had since she was three.

Now, while you're at sea, that wish has come true.

For when a "Good Morning" reporter and a photographer called at your home in Stockport they found a demure little girl in a print frock playing five-finger exercises on a BRAND NEW PIANO!

Yes, she's got a piano of her own, too. Mummy and Daddy bought it for her about two months back.

She's only had seven lessons so far, but she can play a simple waltz tune—a little self-consciously, perhaps—but very well.

Your brother Samuel, who used to sing duets with you at local concerts, hopes you are keeping your voice in trim as well as your cornet-playing.

"So many people tell me they would like to hear him singing again," said Samuel. We hope the rest of your crew think Sam's right!



Saloon Bars Can a Prison make

IF you'd gone into the building that is now the Swan Inn a couple of hundred years ago, it would have been to do time behind bars.

At least, that is what the landlady, well-known Mrs. Billie Nash, said about her pub. It appears that long ago it was a jail, and the iron bars let into the windows could only have been fitted to keep people in, unless, as our reporter suggested, the landlord of those days thought too much of his brew to sell it, and the bars were fitted to keep out the customers.

The Swan is situated in picturesque Noss Maye village, on the River Yealm estuary, which lets out into the English Channel—but be careful when you call there. You wouldn't like to get locked into a pub, would you?

TABLOID TALES By W. H. Millier

IN bygone days a young boxer did not in the least mind getting a cauliflower ear. He took it as the hall-mark of his profession. It was his ticket that gave him free entry to the halls of bash and batter. He was a "pro." He had arrived.

I knew a candy-coloured coon who was particularly proud of his specimen. He was not a full-blooded negro. As a boxer he had been first-class, but he knew that he would soon have to give up the game, as weight of years was beginning to tell on him.

When a wealthy patron offered him a permanent job as personal valet and general factotum, with a sight-seeing tour of the world thrown in, he seized the offer with both hands as a gift from heaven.

There was a wasp in his honey-pot, however, and this took the form of a rooted ob-

jection on the part of the wealthy patron to his cauliflower ear.

Still, the man of wealth was willing to foot the bill if the boxer consented to have his ear operated on. A leading surgeon was consulted, and he delivered his opinion thus: The crumpled ear was too far gone for patchwork, but he thought he could make a sound job of it by grafting on half a good ear. The question was, where could half an ear of exactly the right shade be obtained?

"Leave that to me," said the boxer, "I'll fix it."

He thought he knew where to find a compatriot of the same candy-coloured complexion. His search took him far and wide, and as time was getting short he had visions of the man of wealth sailing away without him.

When he did find what he regarded as a good match for colour the owner wouldn't part

with half or indeed any portion of his ear. A quick slash with a razor—whew, no! Boxers are not thugs.

In sheer desperation, our boxer entered a pub to drown his sorrows, feeling sure that lovely job would be lost to him. Could he believe his eyes? Or was it the beverage making him colour-blind? There was the perfect match in a coloured workman just about to call for a pint.

"Have that with me, brother," shouted our friend joyfully.

How often has a man had his ear pulled over a pint? Often enough, as we all know. But surely only once or twice has the offer been made to purchase half the boozing-partner's lug.

It took quite a few pints to clinch the deal, but deal it was, and for the price of thirty pieces of gold one piece of human ear changed ownership.

Good Morning's PERSONAL COLUMN

GRAND PIANO. — Wanted purchase grand piano, any reputable make. Price mod. Required ward room submarine. Write H.M.S. "Spacious," c/o G.P.O.

FRENCH LESSONS. — Private tuition by experienced mistress. For terms write "Mademoiselle," Armentieres.

BOOKS. — Going cheap. Lives of Hitler and Mussolini. Any offers? Foyled, Tottenham Court Road.

NATIONAL SERVICE. — Young submariner badly needs morale raising whilst on leave. Wishes meet affectionate young woman, willing make sacrifices national cause. Write "Hopeful," c/o "Good Morning."

BIRTHDAY GIFTS. — "The Happy Sailor-boy" (12 vols., pub. 1784), by Admiral Sir Horatio Fearless. Make suitable birthday gift ambitious young submariner. Apply "Dai bach," Tiger Bay.

HOLIDAY COTTAGE. — In secluded part N.W. Coast of Scotland. Early Tudor style and conveniences. Peaceful, remote. 12 gns. per week. Suit sailor on leave. Apply "Understanding," c/o "Good Morning."

STOP SMOKING. — Buy Guina twist and stop smoking. Failure impossible.

INCREASE YOUR HEIGHT. — Recommended by Victor Emmanuel, Wee Georgie Wood, etc. Write for pamphlet to "Tessie O'Shea," c/o "Good Morning."

Poets were wrong about THE ROYAL GEORGE

CASTING one's memory back to one's school days, one probably remembers being compelled to recite that poem of Cowper on the loss of the "Royal George," beginning:

"Toll for the brave,
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!"

With childlike faith in the written word, one imagined one was reading history in verse.

Actually, of course, the poet ought to have known better. Even poetic licence should not have so distorted facts. The circumstances were these:

On August 29, 1782, the "Royal George," which had carried Hawke into Quiberon Bay, was being heeled over so that her under-water timbers could receive attention.

Actually, the angle of inclination was only very slight. Suddenly there was a cracking sound; and the ship went to the bottom with most of the company, including Admiral Kempenfelt, who was working in his cabin.

The tragedy horrified the country, and a fund was at once raised for the widows and children. This is Cowper's description of what happened:

"A land-breeze shook her shrouds,
And she was upset;
Down went the "Royal George!"

With all her crew complete... It was not in the battle; No tempest gave the shock; She sprang no fatal leak, She ran upon no rock...

Her timbers yet are sound, And she may float again... According to Sir Geoffrey Callender, the naval historian: "The court-martial which sat at Portsmouth examined all the survivors. They agreed unanimously that she had been so long neglected that decay had eaten deep into her vitals, and that on the day of the fatality the under-water parts of the 'Royal George' had literally dropped from under her."

The findings of the court, by the way, were suppressed. Those were the days, of course, when corruption and inefficiency were rife amongst those responsible for the Navy.

It would be interesting to know whether Cowper ever learned the real facts of the case.

Periscope
Page
QUIZ
for today

- 1. What is a paddock?
- 2. Who wrote (a) "The Pirate," (b) "The Pirates of Penzance"?
- 3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why: Horse, Cow, Dog, Mouse, Cat, Pig, Sheep?
- 4. What is a gigot?
- 5. For what country was Lusitania the old name?
- 6. What is a lameter?
- 7. What is meant by minatory?
- 8. What is ramsoms?
- 9. How do you pronounce caoutchouc, and what is it?
- 10. How many sides has a dodecahedron?
- 11. When did Old Age Pen-sions come into force?
- 12. What is a baffy?

Answers to Quiz
in No. 120

- 1. James I, 1606.
- 2. (a) Helen Mathers, (b) George Borrow.
- 3. Mark Twain was American; the others were English.
- 4. The Roman goddess of war.
- 5. A rock and a whirlpool in the Straits of Messina.
- 6. The north wind.
- 7. Obstinate, stubborn.
- 8. Daily.
- 9. Chief character in Sinclair Lewis's novel, "Babbitt."
- 10. 94 per cent. tin, 5 per cent. copper, 1 per cent. antimony.

MIXED DOUBLES

The following are jumbles of pairs of words or things or people often associated together; for instance "Ducks and Drakes," etc.

(a) RE STIFF MOTORS.
(b) GOLD ROD IN BAG

(Answers on Page 3)

Who is it?

Followed in his father's footsteps all the way from Lancashire. If one can believe all he sings, was once a window cleaner. Had a lot of trouble with his laundry, which was attended to by an Oriental gentleman. He plays a stringed instrument, and his spiritual home is Blackpool. Rides a motorcycle. Who is he?

(Answer on Page 3)

CROSSWORD CORNER

| | | | | | | | | |
|----|----|----|---|----|----|----|----|----|
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 |
| 10 | | | | | | | 11 | |
| 12 | | | | 13 | | | 14 | |
| 15 | | | | 16 | | | 17 | |
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| 24 | | 25 | | | | 26 | 27 | 28 |
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| 32 | 33 | | | | 34 | 35 | | |
| 36 | | | | 37 | | | | |
| 38 | | | | | | 39 | | |

CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 City of Somerset.
- 5 People.
- 10 Formation of troops.
- 11 Appointed task.
- 12 Sour.
- 13 Split up.
- 15 Cloth like shoddy.
- 17 Quoted exactly.
- 18 Continental.
- 21 Go.
- 23 Air.
- 24 Fit for tillage.
- 26 Impetuous.
- 29 Incursions.
- 31 Tip.
- 32 Prickle.
- 34 Girl's name.
- 36 Paraffin.
- 37 Rejoiced.
- 38 Smokes.
- 39 Due reward.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Look Radiantly.
- 2 One who indicts.
- 3 Lean.
- 4 Bushy fence.
- 5 Builder's carrier.
- 6 Concord.
- 7 Girl's name.
- 8 Incline.
- 9 Severe.
- 14 Adder.
- 16 Contours.
- 19 Repented of.
- 20 Convinced.
- 21 Minister.
- 22 Promise.
- 25 Portion of music.
- 27 Sharp.
- 28 Liquor foam.
- 30 Poor district.
- 33 Go quickly.
- 35 Drink.

SCRAP POSE
PROPEL PIPE
HOB GENERAL
ENID DARED
RENEW DANE
E DAVIT I
SPRIT ROMPS
LACES ROUT
CABARET ARE
UNIT WALTER
BEDEW ROSES

Famous Robert Louis Stevenson tells you one of the most amazing tales of all time in—
THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. JEKYLL and MR. HYDE

MR. UTTERSON the lawyer was a man of a rugged countenance, that was never lighted by a smile; cold, scanty, and embarrassed in discourse; backward in sentiment; lean, long, dusty, dreary, and yet somehow lovable. At friendly meetings, and when the wine was to his taste, something eminently human beaconed from his eye; something indeed which never found its way into his talk, but which spoke not only in these silent symbols of the after-dinner face, but more often and loudly in the acts of his life.

He was austere with himself; drank gin when he was alone, to mortify a taste for vintages; and though he enjoyed the theatre, had not crossed the doors of one for twenty years. But he had an approved tolerance for others; sometimes wondering, almost with envy, at the high pressure of spirits involved in their misdeeds; and in any extremity inclined to help rather than to reprove.

"I incline to Cain's heresy," he used to say quaintly: "I let my brother go to the devil in his own way." In this character, it was frequently his fortune to be the last reputable acquaintance and the last good influence in the lives of down-going men. And to such as these, so long as they came about his chambers, he never marked a shade of change in his demeanour.

No doubt the feat was easy to Mr. Utterson; for he was undemonstrative at the best, and even his friendships seemed to be founded in a similar catholicity of good-nature. It is the mark of the modest man to accept his friendly circle ready-made from the hands of opportunity; and that was the lawyer's way.

His friends were those of his own blood, or those whom he had known the longest; his affections, like ivy, were the growth of time, they implied no aptness in the object. Hence, no doubt, the bond that united him to Mr. Richard Enfield, his distant kinsman, the well-known man about town.

It was a nut to crack for many, what these two could see in each other, or what subject

they could find in common. It was reported, by those who encountered them in their Sunday walks, that they said nothing, looked singularly dull, and would hail with obvious relief the appearance of a friend.

For all that, the two men put the greatest store by these excursions, counted them the chief jewel of each week, and not only set aside occasions of pleasure, but even resisted the calls of business, that they might enjoy them uninterrupted.

It chanced on one of these rambles that their way led them down a by-street in a busy quarter of London. The street was small and what is called quiet, but it drove a thriving trade on the week-days. The inhabitants were all doing well, it seemed, and all emulously hoping to do better still, and laying out the surplus of their gains in coquetry; so that the shop fronts stood along that thoroughfare with an air of invitation, like rows of smiling saleswomen.

Even on Sunday, when it veiled its more florid charms and lay comparatively empty of passage, the street shone out in contrast to its dingy neighbourhood, like a fire in a forest; and with its freshly painted shutters, well-polished brasses and general cleanliness and gaiety of note, instantly caught and pleased the eye of the passer.

Two doors from one corner, on the left hand going east, the line was broken by the entry of a court, and just at that point a certain sinister block of building thrust forward its gable on the street.

It was two stories high; showed no window, nothing but a door on the lower story and a blind forehead of discoloured wall on the upper; and bore in every feature the marks of prolonged and sordid negligence. The door, which was equipped with neither bell nor knocker, was blistered and distained.

Tramps slouched into the recess and struck matches on the panels; children kept shop upon the steps; the schoolboy had tried his knife on the mouldings; and for close on a generation no one had appeared to drive away these random visitors or to repair their ravages.

Mr. Enfield and the lawyer were on the other side of the by-street; but when they came abreast of the entry, the former lifted up his cane and pointed.

"Did you ever remark that door?" he asked; and when his companion had replied in the affirmative, "It is con-

nected in my mind," added he, "with a very odd story."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Utterson, with a slight change of voice, "and what was that?"

"Well, it was this way," returned Mr. Enfield. "I was coming home from some place at the end of the world, about three o'clock of a black winter morning, and my way lay through a part of town where there was literally nothing to be seen but lamps. Street after street, and all the folks asleep—street after street, all lighted up as if for a procession, and all as empty as a church—till at last I got into that state of mind when a man listens and listens and begins to long for the sight of a policeman. All at once I saw two figures: one a little man who was stumping along eastward at a good walk, and the other a girl of maybe eight or ten who was running as hard as she was able down a cross street.

"Well, sir, the two ran into one another naturally enough at the corner; and then came the horrible part of the thing; for the man trampled calmly over the child's body and left her screaming on the ground. It sounds nothing to hear, but it was hellish to see. It wasn't like a man; it was like some damned Juggernaut."

BRAIN TEASER

- 1. Sweet —'s when you've never been kissed.
 - 2. Downfall of the mouse when the clock struck —.
 - 3. It's — men on a Dead Man's Chest.
 - 4. "Beat me daddy — to the bar," says the song.
 - 5. — million Frenchmen can't be wrong.
 - 6. If your part of the — you're in Society with a capital.
 - 7. The — hole's the Club-house.
- (Answer on Page 3)

"I gave a view halloo, took to my heels, collared my gentleman, and brought him back to where there was already quite a group about the screaming child. He was perfectly cool and made no resistance, but gave me one look, so ugly that it brought out the sweat on me like running. The people who had turned out were the girl's own family; and pretty soon the doctor, for whom she had been sent, put in his appearance.

"Well, the child was not much worse, more frightened, according to the Sawbones; and



And "nuts" to you, too, if you think this is . . . but why should we tell you? It is one of the following: Chipmunk, Baby Beaver, Bandicoot, Prairie Marmot, Squirrel, or Galago. Do you know which. Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 120 is: Warden of the Tower.

there you might have supposed would be an end to it. But there was one curious circumstance. I had taken a loathing to my gentleman at first sight. So had the child's family, which was only natural. "But the doctor's case was what struck me. He was the usual cut and dry apothecary, of no particular age and colour, with a strong Edinburgh accent, and about as emotional as a bagpipe. Well, sir, he was like the rest of us: every time he looked at my prisoner, I saw that Sawbones turned sick and white with the desire to kill him. I knew what was in his mind, just as he knew what was in mine; and killing being out of the question, we did the next best. We told the man we could and would make such a scandal out of this as should make his name stink from one end of London to the other. If he had any friends or any credit, we undertook that he should lose them. And all the time, as we were pitching it in red hot, we were keeping the women off him as best we could, for they were as wild as harpies.

"I never saw a circle of such hateful faces; and there was the man in the middle, with a kind of black, sneering coolness—frightened, too, I could see that—but carrying it off, sir, really like Satan. 'If you choose to make capital out of this accident,' said he, 'I am naturally helpless. No gentleman but wishes to avoid a scene,' says he. 'Name your figure.'"

"Well, we screwed him up to a hundred pounds for the child's family; he would have clearly liked to stick out; but (Continued on Page 3)

To-day's
Picture Quiz

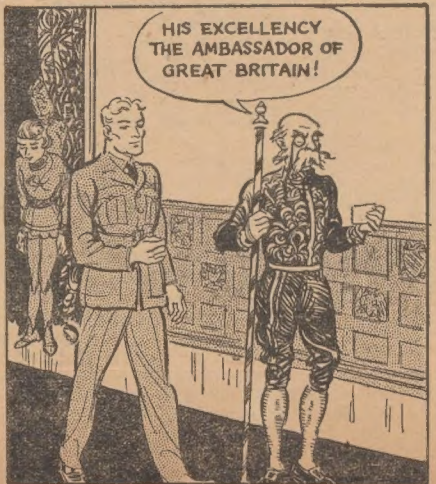
WANGLING WORDS—83

- 1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after the letter I, and make a word.
- 2. Rearrange the letters of BEST SOAKING to make an English country town.
- 3. Change DAILY into PAPER, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration. Change in the same way: WIND into BLOW, HAND into FIST, HEEL into TOES.
- 4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from HARPSICHOORD?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 82

- 1. ENTRUSTMENT.
- 2. WINCHESTER.
- 3. FLOCK, CLOCK, CROCK, CRICK, TRICK, THICK, CHICK, CHECK, CHEEK, CLEEK, SLEEK, SLEEP, SHEEP.
- 4. FEAR, RIFE, FIRE, Gear, Rage, Gate, Tear, Tore, Rote, Toga, Goat, Grit, Feet, Roar, Rota, Fort, Girt, etc.
- 5. Great, Tiger, Friar, Forte, Ergot, Eager, Grate, Groat, Frier, Forge, Error, Rigor, Orate, etc.

JANE



Beelzebub Jones



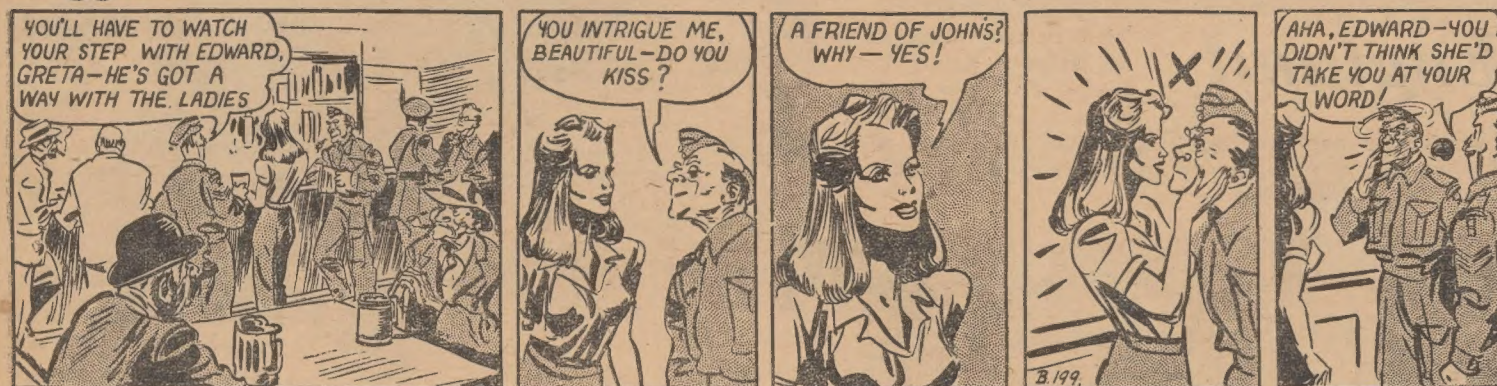
Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



Garth



DR. JEKYLL and MR. HYDE

Continued from Page 2.

there was something about the lot of us that meant mischief, and at last he struck. The next thing was to get the money; and where do you think he carried us but to that place with the door?—whipped out a key, went in, and presently came back with the matter of ten pounds in gold and a cheque for the balance on Coutts's, drawn payable to bearer and

signed with a name that I can't mention, though it's one of the points of my story, but it was a name at least very well known and often printed.

"The figure was stiff; but the signature was good for more than that, if it was only genuine. I took the liberty of pointing out to my gentleman that the whole business looked apocryphal; and that a man does not, in real life,

walk into a cellar door at four in the morning and come out of it with another man's cheque for close upon a hundred pounds. But he was quite easy and sneering. 'Set your mind at rest,' says he; 'I will stay with you till the banks open and cash the cheque myself.'

"So we all set off, the doctor, and the child's father, and our friend and myself, and passed the rest of the night in my chambers; and next day, when we had breakfasted, went in a

body to the bank. I gave in the cheque myself, and said I had every reason to believe it was a forgery. Not a bit of it. The cheque was genuine."

"Tut-tut!" said Mr. Utterson.

(To be continued)

The sublime and the ridiculous are often so nearly related that it is difficult to class them separately.

Thomas Paine
(1737-1809).

ANSWERS.

1. Sixteen.
2. One.
3. Fifteen.
4. Eight.
5. Fifty.
6. "400."
7. Nineteenth.

Answer to "WHO IS IT?"
GEORGE FORMBY

Answers to Mixed Doubles.
(a) FIRST & FOREMOST.
(b) BOARD & LODGING.

ALBERT'S DOWNFALL

By F. W. THOMAS

THIS is a highly moral story; so if you don't like highly moral stories, turn to page four and take a look at the pictures.

Albert Potts was a lamplighter by profession, and, I am told, lit his lamps very nicely. But one day he decided that lamplighting had no future, that he would never get anywhere in the business, because there wasn't anywhere to get. And the black-out.

It is almost impossible for a lamplighter to improve himself. He can't go to night classes and study lamplighting, because they don't teach it; and as to rising in the profession—Phooey, said Albert. And the black-out.

So Albert told the Gas Company exactly what they could do with their job, and went for a walk to think things out. He didn't think very hard, because he hadn't the necessary apparatus; but he went for a walk. And when he had been for this walk, he turned round and went home again.

Fortunately, Albert lived with his parents, one of each, male and female. He was the apple of his mother's eye, and a boil on the neck to his father. Said father, by the way, was skipper of a watercart round Walworth way. Day after day he would drive his water-wagon round Walworth, watering the streets; but nothing ever grew there, except paper bags and bits of fish.

UP AT FOUR P.M.

One morning Albert arose from his downy bed, dressed himself in his best clothes, and went out to look for work; ready to run like heck if he saw any. This was about four o'clock in the afternoon. Albert seldom got up before four o'clock, because he liked the strepts to be thoroughly aired before he used them.

As he went into the front parlour to see if his mother had left any small change lying about, he happened to see the new moon through the window. "That's bad luck," said Albert, who was slightly superstitious on his mother's side.

But he crossed his fingers and knocked under, hoping it would be all right. And it was. For while he was musing to himself and wondering where the next half-can was coming from, he put his hands in his pockets, and what DO you think? He found a ten-shilling note.

"Well, well," said Albert. "I must have overlooked this. I remember I was a bit short three weeks ago, and this accounts for it. Ten bob. Three hearty cheers." And Albert ducked into the Pink Cow to see the time.

Having sluiced his tonsils, he next dived into a tie shop, and bought himself a pink tie with yellow horseshoes; and so went forth to give the local maidens a treat.

By the time he got home Albert was a trifle damp. His hat was over one eye, he had a dead dahlia in his buttonhole and a slight impediment in his speech. Also hiccups.

When his mother asked him where he had been, he said he had paid a visit to the Old Dun Cow, which, unfortunately, was on fire. And there was Brown, upside down, mopping up the whisky on the floor. Hoop-se-daisy."

"Disgusting," said Mr. Potts, senior. "How did you manage to get like that?"

"Pocket," said Albert, and slapped his Sunday bags. "Found half a quid. Don't let 'em in till it's all mopped up, someone said to Macintyre. Found half jolly old thick 'un. Good health, Dadlums, and Hoop-se-daisy."

"Found half a quid, did you?" said Potts, senior. "In your pocket? And what are you wearing my best trousers for? You blighted isosceles triangle, you perishing parallelogram, hold this."

They took Albert to Guy's Hospital.

And the moral of this highly moral story is: Never look at the new moon through glass, and never wear your father's trousers.

Sid Field Says—

HAVE you heard of the wishful thinker in a neutral country? Asked when he thought the war would be over, he replied, "When Alexander stands at Rommel's death-bed and tells him that Hitler has been assassinated at Mussolini's funeral."

Send us your stories
jokes, drawings
and ideas—help
produce your own
newspaper

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

On Guard



—Or can he have just come home with the milk?



This England

This quaint church at Otford, Kent, is just another of Kent's very old churches. The marriage register goes back to 1631, and a complete record of events during the reign of Queen Elizabeth is to be found here.

HELLO SUNSHINE!



"Waking up with a smile on your face . . . that's a wonderful baby. Bet you're hungry, too. Won't be long before you've had your bath, and then such a lovely breakfast."



"Lumme, that was hard to swallow . . . have to do a spot of neck massage. Must be more careful, too. Fancy eating a pebble by mistake."

WALL-FLOWER?



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Gosh, do I wish I was ashore?"

